WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE RUINS OF ST. OSWALD.

[CONTINUED.]

ELLINOR looked in the face of the ſtranger: it was illumined with a gleam of expectation, which was greatly changed when Ellinor replied——

"My tale, Lady, is long and ſad; tinctured with ſuch an air of myſtery as renders it almoſt incredible. I am a deſtitute orphan; my time is now ſhort; the Hermit of the wood has been the preſerver of my life, and he now requires my attendance; yet I feel a ſecret impulſe to acquaint you with my ſtrange adventures, and receive from you that advice I ſo much need. May I hope to ſee you again?"

The ſtranger aſſured her of a ready welcome; adding——"You know me not, or you would no longer torture the feelings of a victim abandoned by God and man!"

Ellinor preſſed the hand ſhe held to her boſom with tenderneſs, and aſſured her ſhe would be with her early the following morning. She then ruſhed into the wood, and, with ſome difficulty, found the trodden path that led to the hermitage, where the good old man ſat impatiently waiting her return. She related to him her adventure. He congratulated her upon her proſpect of ſucceſs; and adviſed her by all means to cultivate the acquaintance of the ſtrange Lady; cautioning her at the ſame time not to place a too haſty confidence, until ſhe was fully convinced of the integrity of her whom ſhe was about to truſt. Ellinor promiſed implicitely to follow his advice, and with a heart lighter than uſual retired to reſt.

As ſoon as Ellinor roſe, ſhe hurried on her clothes, and haſtened through the wood, in hopes of obtaining an interview with the ſtranger whoſe firſt appearance had ſo much intereſted her. Expectation lent ſpeed to her feet, and ſhe arrived at the door of the cottage in a few minutes after ſhe quitted the hermitage. She expected the Lady would have been out ready to meet her, and was much diſappointed to find no one ſtirring. All ſeemed in ſolemn ſilence. She tapped gently, and wiſhed admittance with a palpitating heart. The young payſanne appeared, and motioning ſilence, whiſpered——

"I am glad you are come: my Lady has been wiſhing for you ever ſince. She is much worſe to-day; and I fear ſhe will not live long."

"Wiſhing for me!" exclaimed Ellinor: "is it poſſible?——Oh, lead me to her!"

The girl drew back the curtain of a ſmall bed, where lay the ſtranger ſtrugling with the pangs of death. She ſtretched out her hand to Ellinor——

"Sweet girl!" ſaid ſhe, "you are charitable: I feared you had forgot your promiſe. Sure, Heaven, as a token of its forgiveneſs, ſent you hither at this critical moment, when I expected to die in this wretched ſolitude, without having one to whom I could reveal a ſecret that lies heavy at my heart. Yet, alas! I fear the confidence I am about to place in you will looſe me your favor and friendſhip, from which I promiſed myſelf a gleam of comfort during the few remaining hours of my miſerable exiſtence."

"Impoſſible!" cried Ellinor, preſſing her hand, "I feel, that, whatever your faults may have been, I muſt overlook them. This is not a time to drive, by unjuſtifiable ſcorn, the repentant ſinner, to deſpair!"

"Enough," ſaid the Lady, taking a ſmall packet from under her pillow, which contained ſeveral letters: "promiſe me that you will, after my death, find ſome method of conveying theſe letters, each to the perſon to whom they are reſpectively directed."

Ellinor caſt her eyes upon the ſuperſcription of one: it was addreſſed to the Count St. Oſwald. A deadly paleneſs overſpread her face, and her lips tremblingly pronounced—"My father!"

"What!" ſaid the ſtranger, raiſing herſelf up, with horror and ſurpriſe pictured on her countenance:——"ſaid you—your father! Tell me——oh! tell me——who was your mother——and how old are you?"

"My mother," replied Ellinor with tears, "was the unhappy Lady Clementina Valmond; for ſome time ſuppoſed wife to the Chevalier Dufour: the old Count was then living—I am juſt twenty."

The ſtranger would ſcarce give her time to conclude before ſhe threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming—

"Ah! no——I am thy mother!"

Ellinor fainted in her arms. With ſome difficulty ſhe was recovered; but the Lady ſeemed ſo much agitated, that it was judged prudent to refrain from any other converſation; and Ellinor, after imploring and receiving the benediction of her mother, retired to the Hermit, and aſtoniſhed him with the diſcovery ſhe had made.

On the following morning ſhe returned at an early hour to the cottage, and as ſhe approached was ſurpriſed to ſee a ſervant at the door holding a ſpare horſe by the bridle. As ſhe drew nearer, ſhe heard voices in earneſt converſation within. She entered, and beheld lying on the bed a young man of elegant appearance. The Lady inſtantly perceiving her, ſaid——

"Approach, my child——Ellinor, behold thy brother!"

She ſtarted, and ſurveyed the Gentleman with fear; but it was not Alfred! Her heart ſickened, and ſhe knelt beſide her mother to conceal her diſtreſs. The lady continued—

"Heaven is juſt!——I am not permitted perſonally to receive the forgiveneſs of that injured man! But, oh! my ſon, tell him that with my expiring breath I petitioned only for his pardon!"

Don Carlos (for it was the unhappy Paulina who lay in the pangs of death) could no longer reſtrain his tears, but kneeling beſide Ellinor, ſaid——

"Grieve not, my dear mother; be aſſured you have it:—and if the prayers of your children can avail, you ſhall be happy."

"Ceaſe to afflict me thus! I am undeſerving of your love," ſaid Paulina. "However, it will not be long. A letter, which is in the poſſeſſion of Ellinor, will explain all, and ſpare me a recital that would harrow up my ſoul. You are at liberty to read it and ſhew it to Don Pedro, Preſent to him, alſo, his lovely, much-injured daughter, Ellinor!"

Paulina ſtrugled for ſome time in ſtrong convulſions, and at length expired in the arms of Ellinor, who was deeply affected with the tragical ſcene. It was then agreed that Ellinor ſhould wait with the corpſe of her mother till Don Carlos could make the neceſſary preparations for her interment, when his ſiſter ſhould return with him to be preſented to Don Pedro.

Ellinor, not wiſhing to appear ungrateful to the pious Hermit, informed her brother of her intention of returning to thank him for his paſt kindneſs, which was immediately agreed upon; and ſhe repaired to the hermitage of her old friend, who both condoled with and congratulated her upon the late event.

"My child," ſaid the Hermit, "you ſee, in the late diſpoſal of affairs, the juſtice of Omnipotence! For virtuous perſeverance you are rewarded by the probable attainment of all your wiſhes. But, for the future, let prudence, as well as rectitude of intention, be the guide of your actions; nor ruſh blindly into dangers, which, by reſolution or ſtrength of mind, you might avoid. All this might have been brought about without your precipitating yourſelf into the troubles and inconveniences you have done, when, by patience under affliction, you might have more truly evinced your pious reſignation to the will of the Supreme. Do not weep, my child. I mean not to reprove. I am ſatisfied with the piety of your heart, but wiſh to teach you more ſteadineſs of mind; for uprightneſs of mind is not alone ſufficient to ward off the ills of life. Farewell, my child. May you be happy."

Ellinor bathed the old man's feet with her tears; and, after promiſing to attend faithfully to all his injunctions, retired to the cottage, to watch the corpſe of her mother.

The remains of Paulina were interred in a neat and plain manner, at a town about ten miles from the cottage, whither they were attended by Don Carlos and Ellinor only, who ſoon after accompanied him to Lyons, where her brother informed her a friend of his waited his return, who would travel with them.

They arrived ſafely at the inn, and were uſhered into the parlor, were ſat Alfred. His ſable dreſs at firſt prevented Ellinor from recollecting his features, till he, gazing eagerly upon her, ſprung from his ſeat and incloſed her in his arms. His voice ſunk to her heart, and ſhe tremuloufly cried——

"My Alfred!"

He ſeemed to recollect himſelf, and, with no leſs agitation, ſaid—(at the ſame time relinquiſhing his hold)—

"My Siſter!"

She ſhuddered. Don Carlos interpoſed, ſaying—

"No longer your's, my friend, but mine!"

Alfred was eager for an explanation which ſeemed to promiſe him much happineſs. But Don Carlos aſſured him that it was a myſtery they could not yet develope, and he reſerved the peruſal of the letter entruſted by Paulina to Ellinor till his interview with his father. This was a delay the ardent Alfred could ill brook, who now prevailed

upon Ellinor to give an account of all that had befallen her fince her departure from the Caftle De Laneville. This fhe did; at the fame time relating to Don Carlos her whole hiftory; who, in his turn, informing her of the particulars already related, concluding, by declaring it his fincere wifh that their parents might conſent to the union of Ellinor with Alfred, which wifh her bluſhes evinced fhe fervently joined in.

All being thus, in their own minds, finally adjuſted, the happy party repaired, buoyed up with the moſt pleaſing expectation, to the Caſtle, where Don Carlos waited only to introduce his newly diſcovered ſiſter, and catch a glance of his Louiſa; then haſtened forward to Don Pedro with the account of the cataſtrophe, intending to carry him back with him, to complete their mutual happineſs

The aſtoniſhment of the Counteſs could only be equalled by her gladneſs at the unexpected reſtoration of the long loſt, long lamented fugitive. She embraced her with the fondeſt marks of affection, and heſitated not a moment to aſſure Alfred of her ready acquieſcence with his wiſhes; and ſhe only waited the arrival of Don Pedro to ratify her promiſe.------Ellinor now flung herſelf on the neck of Louiſa, and lobbed out her affectionate thanks.

In a very few days their expectations were fulfilled. They heard the carriage which contained their gueſts approach, and they flew to meet them at the gates, all but the timid Ellinor, who, finding herſelf inadequate to the taſk, threw herſelf upon a ſofa, no longer able to ſupport the conflict of her mind. The door opened, and a gentleman of dignified appearance entered. In his features were traced the deep furrows of ſorrow; yet a mild benignity beamed from his eyes as he caſt them upon Ellinor, who now was on her knees at his feet.

--------"Come to my arms, ſweet image of my Paulina!" exclaimed he, ſnatching her from the floor, and preſſing her to his boſom with rapture. Fear not!---You are the pledge of love between us!"

The ſcene was too deeply affecting for the gentle ſpirits of Ellinor, and ſhe ſuffered Louiſa to lead her from the room.---Don Pedro then gave into the hands of the Counteſs the letter which his ſon had brought to him ſaying-----

"That Madam, will reveal the preſent unknown part of this myſterous eclairciſſement. I requeſt you to read it to your young friends. You will then find there has been a fatal miſunderſtanding through all this affair. Ellinor is, indeed, my daughter; but, under the exiſting circumſtances, I never can conſent to their being united in any cloſer ties."

[To be continued.]

MEMORY.

THE late Dr. Franklin, in the more early part of his life, belonged to a debating Society in Philadelphia. At one of their meetings, it was the doctor's turn to propoſe two queſtions, which were as follow----"Who of all the people in the world, have the beſt memories?"---ſecond, "Who, of all the people in the world, have the worſt memories." This occaſioned much learned diſquiſition among the members One argued that people of the beſt memories, are thoſe bleſſed with health, ſtrength, ſtrong nerves, vigorous apprehenſions and in prime of life----Others pretended, that memory, like all other human faculties, is improveable; that thoſe have the beſt memories that had, during a long courſe of education, been obliged to learn much by heart, and thus became adepts in the art of remembering.---Multitudes of arguments were brought, according to every one's fancy; but on the other queſtion, it was univerſally agreed upon, that very old people muſt have the worſt memory of any, as in the declining ſtage of human nature the nerves become weak, and the organization of the brain ſo far calloufed as to retain but weakly the impreſſion of paſt events. There was no end to the learned theories broached on this occaſion. At laſt Franklin got up, and with the graveſt face in the world, informed the Society, that of all men living, Creditors had the beſt memories and Debtors the worſt.

ANECDOTE.

A Clergyman, preaching a ſermon on ſome particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and ſpoke of him as far excelling every ſaint in the calendar. He took a view of the celeſtial hierarchy, but in vain, he could not aſſign to his ſaint a place worthy ſo many virtues as he poſſeſſed; every ſentence ended thus: "where then ſhall we place this great patriarch?" One of the congregation, tired at laſt of the repetition, exclaimed, "as I am going away, you may put him in my pew."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE NEGRO BOY,

A SONNET.

WHO'LL buy, who'll buy a poor black boy,
A wretch bereft of hope and joy?
Who'll buy, who'll buy the white-man's ſpoil,
Born to inherit tears and toil?

Who'll buy the father's eldeſt born,
From deareſt friends and kindred torn?
Who'll buy a wretch to weep and toil,
To drench in tears the white-man's ſoil?

Can PITY triumph over GAIN?
Then Nature hath not plead in vain------
O! white-man! let the captive go,
The fable child of grief and woe.

Yes, Nature---Pity---both combin'd,
Have triumph'd o'er the white-man's mind.

New-York, April 6th, 1801. THEODORE.

STANZAS.

ERE fair ELIZA's face I knew
Contentment crown'd my cot;
My cares of life, alas! were few,
Vain pomp I envied not.

The roſy hours flew ſwift away,
I pip'd with merry glee;
No lark that hail'd the riſing day
Was half ſo gay or free.

Remembrance paints the pleaſing ſcene
When firſt ſhe won my heart;
Her beauteous face, her graceful mein
Shone, unadorn'd by art.

Now lonely wand'ring thro' the grove,
My boſom fill'd with care;
I tune my pipe to hapleſs love,
And mourn my abſent fair.

The wretch enſlav'd on Afric's coaſt,
More freedom knows than I;
Content is fled, bleſt peace is loſt,
In vain I heave the ſigh.

Come, then, ſweet Hope! and ſooth my grief,
Thy ſmiles oft cheer my breaſt;
'Tis thou alone canſt give relief,
And make a LOVER bleſt.

April 2d. EDWIN.

TO-MORROW.

SAY, penſive youth, why heaves that ſigh---
Why trembling ſtands the tear of ſorrow?
With waning day thy cares may fly,
And ſmiles and joy be thine TO-MORROW.

Does ſlighted love, oppreſs thy heart?
Then rouſe thee, lad, nor yield to ſorrow
What tho' thy miſtreſs chuſe to part,
A kinder may be had TO-MORROW

Has fortune frown'd and friendſhip fled?
Theſe common ills ſhould ne'er move ſorrow:
For friends by fortune's ſmiles are led,
And both may come again TO-MORROW.

Haſt thou relied upon the great?
No reaſon this to grieve and ſorrow:
They ſmile and promiſe---thou muſt eat:
Well, happier ſtars may rule TO-MORROW.

Nor cares that vex, nor ſlighted love,
Nor fortune's frown, nor friendſhip hollow;
Nor keen ſuſpenſe long pain can prove,
To him who fondly truſts TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW is the balm of life,
The ſtay of hope, the dream of ſorrow;
From miſ'ry's hand it wreſts the knife,
Deſpair alone, ſhould ſhun TO-MORROW.

REMARK.

FRIENDS are like leaves that on the trees do grow,
In Summer's proſp'rous ſtate much love they ſhow:---
But art thou in adverſity? Then they
Like leaves from trees, in Autumn, fall away.
Happy is he who hath a friend indeed;
But far more happy is, who none doth need.

TRICK OF A FRENCH QUACK.

A Gentleman, after having ruined his fortune by extravagance, bethought himſelf of turning quack. He attempted it at Paris, without ſucceſs, and then directed his views to the provinces. He arrived at Lyons and announced himſelf as "the celebrated Doct. Mantaccini, who can reſtore the dead to life;" and he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the church yard, and excite a general reſurrection.

This declaration excited violent murmurs againſt the Doctor, who, not the leaſt diſconcerted, applied to the magiſtrates, and requeſted he might be put under guard, to prevent his eſcape, until he ſhould perform his undertaking. The propoſition inſpired the greateſt confidence, and the whole city came to conſult Dr. Mantaccini, and purchaſe his Beaume de Vie.

As the period for the performance of this miracle approached, the anxiety of the inhabitants of Lyons increaſed. At length he received the following letter from a rich citizen:

"The great operation, Doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my reſt. I have a wife buried for ſome time, who was a fury; and I am unhappy enough already without her reſurrection. In the name of Heaven do not make the experiment, I will give you fifty louis to keep your ſecret to yourſelf."

In an inſtant after two daſhing beaux arrived, who, with the moſt earneſt applications, entreated the Doctor not to revive their old father, formerly the greateſt miſer in the city, as in ſuch an event they would be reduced to the moſt deplorable indigence, They offered him a fee of 60 louis, but the Doctor ſhook his head in a doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow on the eve of matrimony, threw herſelf at the feet of the Doctor, and with ſobs and ſighs implored his mercy; in ſhort, from morn till night, the Doctor received letters, viſits, preſents, fees, to an exceſs that abſolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were ſo differently and violently agitated, ſome by fear, and others by curioſity, that the chief magiſtrate of the city waited upon the Doctor, and ſaid, "Sir, I have not the leaſt doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accompliſh the reſurrection in our church yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promiſe; but, I pray you to obſerve, that our city is in the greateſt uproar and confuſion, and to conſider the dreadful revolution the ſucceſs of your experiment muſt produce in every family. I entreat you therefore not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus reſtore the tranquility of the city. In juſtice, however, to your divine talents, I ſhall give you an atteſtation in due form, under our ſeal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye witneſſes of your power."

The certificate was duly ſigned and delivered, and Dr. Mantaccini went to work new miracles in ſome other city.

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

[Naturaliſts pretend that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve informs us, are exquiſitely ſenſible to the charms of muſic. The following ſtory may ſerve as an inſtance.]

AN officer in France having ſpoken ſomewhat too freely of the miniſter Louvois, was, as once was the cuſtom---immediately conſigned to the Baſtile. He requeſted the Government to permit him the uſe of his lute, to ſoften by the harmonies of his inſtrument, the rigors of his priſon. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly aſtoniſhed to ſee friſking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and, deſcending from their woven habitations, crowds of ſpiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued his ſoul-ſubduing inſtrument. His ſurprize was at firſt ſo great, that he was petrified with aſtoniſhment, when, having ceaſed to play, the aſſembly, who did not come to ſee his perſon, but to hear his inſtrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great diſlike to ſpiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his inſtrument.----At length having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his diſlike of them, he re-commenced his concert, when the aſſembly was by far more numerous than at firſt; and in the courſe of ſome time, he found himſelf ſurrounded by a hundred MUSICAL AMATEURS. Having thus ſucceeded in attracting this company, he treacherouſly contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpoſe he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put into a cage, and let looſe at the very inſtant when the little hairy people were moſt entranced by the Orphean ſkill he diſplayed.

SONNET.

IN infant days, when firſt this panting heart
Learn'd the ſad taſk to weep for others' woe,
O'er the too penſive tale my tears would flow:
Yet from th' unfiniſh'd leaf I ſigh'd to part;
And moſt I lov'd o'er the drear page to hang
Which told the ſtory of ſome gentle maid
To endleſs grief by faithleſs love betray'd;
And while I felt, in thought, each bitter pang
That e'er her boſom knew, with ſoadeſt pain,
With agonizing bliſs I hail'd the fair---
Yes, love! this breaſt, unconſcious of thy reign,
Joy'd with prophetic ſympathy to ſhare
Woe, which ſince threefold thou my own haſt made,
And I who wept for others aſk their pitying aid!

OBSERVATION.

THE Swiſs, who ſhot himſelf becauſe he was tired of dreſſing and undreſſing, would have done ſo long before, had he not had ſo much employment. Our Creator, knowing what ſort of particles he compoſed us of, obliged us to labour, not only for the ſupport of "life," but of exiſtence itſelf. Were we clothed by nature like the other animals, and ſubſiſted on the ſpontaneous herbage of the field, we ſhould loſe our patience before fifty, and hang or drown ourſelves in dread of three-ſcore.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1801.

The George Waſhington frigate, Capt. Bainbridge, from Conſtantinople, has arrived at Philadelphia; alſo ſhip General Waſhington, Davis, from Liverpool.

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John L. Cathcart, Eſq. Conſul of the United-States, at Tripoli, in Barbary, has notified his Countrymen, and the world, that the Baſhaw of Tripoli had officially announced that he would declare war againſt the United-States of America, in ſix months from the 22d of October, 1800, if his demands, which are degrading, humiliating and diſhonorable, are not complied with. This notice is given, that merchants and others may govern themſelves accordingly.

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By the laſt accounts from England, we learn, that the King of that country was recovering from his indiſpoſition. His fever had ſo far abated on the 6th March, as to tranquilize his phyſicians, who conceived their Sovereign out of danger.

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Arrived here on Thurſday, the ſchooner Diana, Capt Marvin, mounting 8 guns, in 25 days from Demarara. She ſailed in company with the brig Mary, Capt. Farry, mounting 18 guns. Off Gaudaloupe, they fell in with a French privateer, mounting 18 Guns and full of men, which the Mary and Diana fought one hour, when the privateer was glad to make ſail, and (if poſſible) get out of reach of the well directed ſhot of her opponents, which ſhe effected. The brig and ſchooner had ſome of their ſpars and rigging ſhot away, but no one hurt. [Daily Gaz.

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The brig Fair American, fell in at ſea with the wreck of the copper-bottomed brig Charlotte, of St. Thomas, Holmes, maſter. With much difficulty he took off the crew, and ſaved a new ſuit of ſails belonging to the wreck.

By the log book of the chief mate of the Charlotte, it appears, that from the 21ſt to the 31ſt of March, they experienced uncommon bad weather. March 30, the brig loſt her main-maſt, at 4 o'clock. A. M. ſprung a leak, and found the ſtarboard bow working off and on---all hands to the pumps, and trimming the veſſel by the ſtern, March 31ſt, hove too, with the leak increaſing, and perceived the larboard bow was breaking off under water, and the ſtarboard ſtreak parting from the keel, and that nothing but copper kept the veſſel from ſinking; we got in readineſs for cutting away the fore-maſt, when we perceived the weather to moderate. April 1ſt, ſpoke the brig Fair American, of Baltimore, Capt. Turner, who told us to come under his lee, and he would relieve us as far as he poſſibly could, we then having but one gallon of water per man, and a ſinking ſhip under foot, were conſtrained for ſafety of our lives to leave her, accordingly all hands abandoned the brig, a wreck on the high ſeas, in lat. 37 N, long. 70 W, from London, and went on board the Fair American, where all hands were kindly treated by Capt. Turner. [Baltimore paper.

A DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION.

The houſe belonging to and occupied by Col. Rodgers, in Market-Street, Baltimore, was on Wedneſday morning, laſt week, together with the whole of its contents, reduced to a pile of ruins. The fire, it appears, was kindled by the hands of a villainous incendiary in the cellar, immediately under the main ſtair-caſe and ſo completely were his diabolical plans executed, although ſomething of the kind from his threats was ſuſpected, that the ſcreams and lamentations of thoſe within, and who eſcaped with the utmoſt difficulty from the flames, ſaving only their linen, were the firſt intimations their neighbors had of the dreadful cataſtrophe. The main ſtair-caſe, and the whole tenor of the houſe below, were enveloped in flames when the family awoke. The children and thoſe who ſlept in the back building, reached the firſt floor by the back ſtair-caſe, and got out of the back windows---thoſe in the front buildings were ſaved by precipitating themſelves out of the ſecond ſtory windows. Before the alarm became general, or the neceſſary aſſiſtance could arrive, it was beyond the power of human exertions to ſave the leaſt article in the houſe, and the greateſt efforts of the citizens, which were conſpicuous on the occaſion, aided by a fortunate calm, could alone have wreſted from deſtruction the adjoining buildings, eſpecially the elegant houſe belonging to Mr. Tiernan, which was thrice on fire. Never was that deſtructive element more uncontroled, or havoc more complete ---caſh, books, furniture, plate, aparel, &c. were alike involved in indiſcriminate ruin, and a conſiderable ſum which Col. Rodgers had in a pocket-book, in his coat pocket, received too late the evening before to put in the Bank, even that he was unable to ſave! The fire was diſcovered about 3 o'clock, and raged till paſt 5, before it could be ſo completely extinguiſhed as to be no longer dangerous. The inceudiary, we underſtand, was the ſame morning lodged in jail.

—

JOHNSTOWN, (N. Y.) April 13.

"On the night of Saturday the 4th inſt. the Criminals confined in the goal of this county effected their eſcape. They had by means of a caſe knife diſengaged themſelves from their irons, then broke the grates out of the chimney, by which means after breaking a hole through the chimney above the upper floor, they got down through a trap door into the lower hall, the outer door of which being faſtened with a padlock, they broke open and got off.

"A black man who went out with them, being ſince retaken, informs, that they had been furniſhed with piſtols and ammunition, through the windows by ſome perſons from out doors; and that horſes were prepared for them when they got out, with which they rode off."

—

Mantua has been finally delivered up to the French. Two hundred and ſixty pieces of artillery, 669,000lb. of Gunpowder, 1,210,000 charges of ammuntion, with great quantity of bombs and bullets, have been acquired with it. The imperial garriſon departed on the 17th of February by Verona and Legnago. They were allowed to take with them proviſions for ten or twelve days. Generals Miollis and Marmet have now the chief command in the Mantuan territory.

LONDON, March 5.

A Privy council ſat yeſterday ſome hours, ſuppoſed to have had under conſideration the propriety of laying an embargo on all Pruſſian veſſels.

Letters received yeſterday from Plymouth, ſtate that ſome paſſengers landed there from the Lydia, an American ſhip, report, that ſhe was boarded in the channel by La Bougainville French brig privateer, of twelve guns. The Lydia having ſome proviſions on board, had nearly been detained, as the American Capt. was told, orders had been iſſued by the Chief Conſul to ſtop and ſend into French ports all neutral veſſels for England with proviſions.

—

BAYONNE, Feb. 16.

We this moment received from Madrid the important intelligence, that Spain had juſt declared war againſt Portugal: it is probable the Portugueſe Government waited for this formal declaration before it notified to its gueſts (the Engliſh) the neceſſity of evacuating the Portugueſe territory; the latter have already begun to move off, and the greater part of their troops are already arrived at Minorca.

☞ Such of our ſubſcribers as expect to change their places of reſidence on the firſt of May, are requeſted to give us timely notification.

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL! Matrimony, hail! thou happieſt life!
What pleaſure here has man without a wife?
Within his breaſt increaſing tumults roll,
And various thoughts perplex his anxious ſoul;
Nor aught can ſooth, nor aught his pain remove,
Save the ſoft bands of Hymen and of Love.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, the 4th inſt. by the Rev. *Dr.* Pilmore, Mr. ROBERT LIVINGSTON, to Miſs. SARAH DUNLAP, both of this city.

On Thurſday the 16th inſt. at Middletown, Pennſylvania, Mr. JOHN BROWN, of the Houſe of Brown and Stanſbury of this city, to Miſs ANN MITCHELL of Middletown.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. WILLIAM S. SMITH, to Miſs MARY PELLSUE, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. ANDREW BROWN, of Albany, merchant, to Miſs JANET SOMERVILLE, of Eaſt-Cheſter.

Same evening, at Horſe-Neck, by the Rev. Mr. White, Mr. OLIVER H. HICKS, merchant, of this city, to Miſs JULIANNA BUSH, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Samuel Buſh, of that place.

On Monday evening laſt, at Morriſtown, N. J. Mr. WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, of this city, merchant, to Miſs ELIZA M. FARSCH, eldeſt daughter of John J. Faeſch, Eſq. late of Boontown, in that ſtate, deceaſed.

[The following was intended for laſt week's Muſeum, but by miſtake omitted.]

MORTALITY.

"----------Almighty God of all!
"------at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
"Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
"And towers and armies humbles to the duſt."

DIED,

On Thurſday 9th April inſt. after a ſhort illneſs of ſix and thirty hours, Mrs. ELIZA LAWRENCE, conſort of Richard T. Lawrence, merchant, of this city.

In an age when the barriers between virtue and vice have been almoſt broken down----when female accompliſhments conſiſt in "trifles light as air," the loſs of one who ſhone conſpicuous in more emulous purſuits, will be deeply regretted by ſociety.

Novels and romances were not her paſtime amuſements. Thoſe tales of fiction were not the models from which ſhe copied. Above theſe,-----above the vanities and foibles of the faſhionable world,----ſhe followed the leſſons of reaſon and prudence, and rejected with contempt every faſhion, which had not utility and convenience for its primary object.----------She was beloved by all her friends; eſteemed by all who knew her,------and her memory will be revered while the riſing turf ſhall point out the place of her interment.

"From hence removed ſo far away,
"What ſhall a penſive female ſay!---
"By friendſhip led, by grief ſincere,
"She drops her pen!---and ſheds a tear!"

LOTTERY.

Tickets in the STATE ROAD LOTTERY, No, 3, ſold by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

This evening will be preſented the grand hiſtorical Play of

Columbus,

OR, A WORLD DISCOVERED.

Written by Mr. Morton, author of Speed the Plough, Way to get Married, &c.

With new Scenery, Machinery and Decorations

In the courſe of the Play, a dance in the character of an Indian, by M. LAURENCE.

To which will be added the Farce of

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES,

Addreſſed to the inhabitants of a village, in one of the Southern States, ſome of whom, in a nocturnal revel, gouged out the eyes of an itinerant Fiddler.

WAS it the act of men of worth,
Or any but the ſcum of earth,
On Muſic's tuneful ſon to fall,
And ſightleſs make each viſual ball?

Who firſt ſuch ſavage warfare taught,
His heart was out of marble wrought,
He ſuck'd a bear, or tygers join'd
To turn him looſe upon mankind.

Henceforth this wretch his way muſt grope
Alone and eyeleſs, void of hope,
That time or art will light reſtore,
Which he enjoy'd, like us, before.

All nature is to him a ſhade,
And all the world is darkneſs made;
He ſees no ſun, no moon, no ſtar,
Nor object near, nor object far,----
And, ſhine that ſun however bright,
No ray illumines his long night.
The azure of the vaulted ſkies
Is ſhade to him who owns no eyes,
A chaos all, and all a gloom,
A next-door neighbor to the tomb.

Why do I hold ſo dull a pen
To ſtigmatize ferocious men,
Why is it not inſpired with force
To work deſpair, regret, remorſe,
And make them conſcious-ſmitten, ſore
Lament the loſs they can't reſtore!

From him, whom you have eyeleſs made
Forgiveneſs never can be had---
Reſentment in his breaſt will rave
'Till Time has lodg'd him in the grave:---
'Tis true, he will the fiddle play,
(Alike to him, if night or day)
He for his ſkill may get a fee
But never will a ſhilling ſee;
A puppy, to his girdle tied,
For time to come muſt be his guide
To lead him through this dreary waſte
Of nature, mangled and diſgraced.

But you, poſſeſſors of this town,
(Who gain from gouging your renown,)
I heard him call you wrangling dogs,
I heard him curſe this town of logs---
For vengeance he put up a prayer
And thus, and thus I heard him ſwear,
That, ſuch an outrage to repay,
He ne'er again would come this way,
He never would an elbow ſhake,
Nor muſic for your maidens make,
Nor money ſpend for bread or beer,
Or brandy that is vended here---
He hoped that fevers might impend,
Or agues freeze you without end
He ſwore he would not come again
To pleaſe one nymph, or cheer one ſwain,
Nor tune his ſtrings for Belial's ſons
While foreſts grow, or water runs--- P. F.

ANECDOTE.

A French clergyman, whoſe pariſhioners had many of them not made the moſt honorable exit out of this world, inſiſted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as thoſe of baptiſm: and when the parents aſked the reaſon of this extraordinary demand, he replied, "Becauſe I know, as ſoon as he is grown up, he will cheat me in my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged."

REMARK.

Since misfortunes cannot be avoided, let them be generouſly borne. It is not for any ſort of men to expect an exemption from the common lot of mankind; and no perſon is truly great but he that keeps up the ſame dignity of mind in all conditions.

MORALIST.

PROVIDENCE has wiſely ſo conſtituted us, that the neceſſary exertions of the mind in times of diſtreſs, ſeem to ſupport the feebleneſs of the body ----But when the attention of the former is no longer engaged, the power of the latter becomes utterly exhauſted.

Alas! how feeble is reaſon when oppoſed to feeling! Neither the conviction of the underſtanding, nor the aſſent of the will to the wiſdom and rectitude of the divine diſpenſations, can, for ſome time, calm the reſtleſs deſires of the heart, ſecure its peace, and reſtore it when loſt.

Academy.

THE public are reſpectfully informed, that the ſubſcriber, who has received an Academical Education at Yale-College, intends to open an ACADEMY, for the inſtruction of Youth of both ſexes, at No. 107 CHERRY-STREET, corner of Oliver-Street, on Monday the 27th inſtant---where will be taught the following branches of Literature, viz. the Engliſh, Latin and Greek Languages grammatically, Art of Speaking, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, &c. And as he has been in the practice of teaching ſix upwards of fifteen years, and in the courſe of the year paſt has had the pleaſure to ſerve a number of reſpectable inhabitants of this city, as he has every reaſon to believe to their full ſatisfaction, takes this opportunity to return them his moſt ſincere thanks for their kind patronage and encouragement, in the line of his profeſſion; and hopes in future to merit the approbation and ſupport of a generous public, by his ſtrict and careful attention to his Pupils, to cultivate and improve their morals, and forward them in their ſeveral branches of Education.

N. York, April 15, 1801. JOHN WARNER.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paſte,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy---this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No 81 William-ſtreet New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powders, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Tooth Powder, Roſe Lip Salve, Almond Powder, Four Thieves Vinegar, Peruvian Tooth-ach Powder, elegant Fancy Combs for ladies head dreſſes, Oils of Jeſſamin and Violets warranted to make hair grow and prevent its falling, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for ladies and gentleman complete, Tortoiſe Shell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pincing and Curling Irons, &c. &c.

N B. A neat aſſortment of the moſt faſhionable ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS and WREATHS, juſt received from London. 51 3m.

Shakſpeare Gallery,

NEAR THE THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

THIS Exhibition conſiſts of a great number of elegant and celebrated PRINTS, executed by the firſt artiſts in Europe, illuſtrative of the moſt intereſting ſcenes in SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

Alſo a variety of colored prints, iſſued monthly in London, under the title of the GALLERY OF FASHION, repreſenting the Ladies Faſhionable Dreſſes.

The Shakſpeare Gallery alſo contains among ſeveral other valuable Paintings, a capital whole length

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

large as life, as taken by the celebrated STEWART.

The proprietor has been at great expence in getting up this exhibition; and the approbation with which he has been honored by Ladies and Gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed taſte, juſtifies him in recommending it to public patronage.

The price of admiſſion is put ſo low as ONE SHILLING, to encourage a frequency of viſits; and, as an inducement to ſuch repetition, the EXTRA Prints and Paintings are ſo varied as to furniſh a conſtant ſucceſſion of NOVELTY.

NB. The Gallery is lighted every evening when fair weather. March 21,

Book and Stationary Store.

For Sale by John Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip, an extenſive aſſortment of

Books and Stationary.

Novels,

MORDAUNT, by the author of Zeluco,
Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Pizarro, by Mrs. Helme, Netley Abbey,
Emilia d' Varmont, or the Neceſſary Divorce,
Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods,
Louiſa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Ambroſe and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter,
Sufferings of the Family of Ottenberg.
Galatea, a Paſtoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Couſins,
Ambroſio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Eſq;
Caſtles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette.
Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation,
Ormond, or the Secret Witneſs. Tom Jones,
Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter,
Camilla. Romance of the Foreſt. The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun,
Nature and Art, Gonſalvo of Cordova, Arundal,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baronets, Pamela,
Simple Story. Man of the World. Fatal Folies,
Inquiſitor, or Inviſible Rambler, Fool of Quality,
Myſteries of Udolpho, Myſtic Cottager. Select Stories,
Count Roderick's Caſtle, Female Conſtancy,
Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Forteſcue,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck
Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World,
Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random,
Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benſon,
Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey,
Perfidious Guardian, &c. &c.

Hiſtory, &c.

Waſhington's Letters, Volney's Ruins,
Campbell's Journey overland to India. Junius's Letters
Cowper's Tranſlation of Homer, American Spectator
Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldſmith's England,
Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts,
Johnſon's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude,
Goldſmith's Animated Nature, Thomſon's Seaſons
Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages,
Columbian Muſe, Godwin's Political Juſtice
Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleaſing Inſtructor, The Hive
Milton's Works, A Father's Inſtructions, Meſſiah
Elegant Miſcellanies, Flowers of Hiſtory,
Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works,
Johnſon's Lives of the Poets,

School Books.

BIBLES and Teſtaments, Entick's Dictionary,
Scott's Leſſons on Elocution, Orator's Aſſiſtant,
American Preceptor, Monitors,
Art of Speaking, Columbian Orator,
American Selections, Enfield's Speaker,
Webſter's and Dilworth's Spelling Books,
Child's Inſtructor, Univerſal Spelling Book,
Pike's, Fenning's, Fiſher's and Dilworth's Arithmetics,
Webſter's and Aſh's Grammars.

JAMES ALWAYS

Wiſhes to inform his cuſtomers, and the public in general, that he continues to carry on the WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James-ſtreet, where may be had, Windſor Chairs of every deſcription, both plain and fancy colors. He likewiſe informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old chairs, when re-painted, and he will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order. He will paint them green or any fancy color, in the beſt manner, at a very low price.

February 26. 44 3m

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